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McKEAN COUNTY MINER.

OLNON & GILBERT, Proprietors. OFFICIAL PAPER OF THE COUNTY. Terms: $1.25 per Year, in Advance.

VOL. XXXI. SMETHPORT, McKEAN COUNTY, PA., FRIDAY, NOVEMBER 23, 1894.

Official Directory.

STATE.

Governor—Robert E. Pattison.
Lieutenant-Governor—I. A. Watres.
Secretary—Samuel M. Jackson.
Attorney-General—Daniel McClung.
Secretary of Internal Affairs—Thos. J. Stewart.

LITERATURE AND COUNTY.

President Judge—A. G. Olmsted, Coudersport.
Associate Law Judge—Thomas A. Morrison, Smethport.
Member of Congress—C. W. Stone, Warren.
State Senator—Anthony E. Ramsey, Bradford.
Members of Assembly—W. K. Burdick, Bradford; D. H. Smith, Bradford.
District Attorney—Sheridan Gorton, Smethport.
Sheriff—Ash B. Walker, Bradford.
County Treasurer—W. Mitchell, Bradford.
County Commissioners—Geo. L. Fagnan, Bradford; Frank M. Foster, Smethport; Thos. Powell, Custer City; Thomas F. Cole, Sweet Lake.
Clerk—K. M. Kane, Smethport.
Auditors—W. H. Dodge, Duke Center; Wm. Young, Smethport; R. A. Rice, Bradford; F. W. Brown, Bristol.
Coroner—Appointed—Frank Baldwin, Duke Center.
Surveyor—F. P. Sherman, Bradford.
Jury Commissioners—W. F. Kyle, Smethport.

BOROUGH.

Burgess—F. D. Hopkins.
Council—Chas. McKean, C. H. Purtle, James Chas. Lilgendahl, Frank Kerns, A. Thompson, Jr., C. Gallup, Frank Keeler, A. Kingsley.
Justices of the Peace—H. L. Burlingame, Chas. E. Kennan, F. W. Brownell, W. H. Grimm, E. R. Mayo, A. J. Gifford, W. Keeling.
Constable—J. C. Gallup.
Treasurer—H. Knapp.
Assessors—D. C. Young, Wm. Ramer.
Auditors—Geo. E. Brownell, Andrew Anderson, A. C. Burdick.
Judges of Election—E. F. Walter, John Connor.
Inspectors of Election—Daniel Smith, Wm. Ramer, Chas. Lilgendahl.
Assessor of Internal Revenue—Thomas J. Stewart.
Collector of Internal Revenue—Robert E. Pattison.

Lodge Directory.

F. & A. M.—McKean Lodge, No. 368, meets in the Masonic Hall, Main street, Smethport, Pa., on the second and fourth Wednesday evenings of each month. Visiting brethren cordially invited to attend. H. L. KNAPP, Sec. Com.

I. O. O. F.—Smethport Lodge, No. 362, meets every Friday evening at their hall, Main street, Smethport, Pa. Visiting brethren cordially invited to attend. H. L. KNAPP, Sec. Com.

I. O. O. F.—Smethport Encampment, No. 277, meets second fourth and last Tuesday evenings of each month in the I. O. O. F. Hall. H. L. Backus block. CHAS. LEMMLER, M. W. SHERIDAN GORTON, Recorder.

K. O. T. M.—Smethport Union, No. 923, meets on second and fourth Wednesday evenings of each month in I. O. O. F. hall.
E. L. KENNAN, President.
MAS. S. M. VICKERY, Secretary.

K. O. T. M.—Smethport Tent, No. 9, meets every Monday evening at 7:30 in A. O. U. W. hall, Buck's block.
W. O. HOLDEN, Com.
T. J. GILBERT, R. K.

I. O. F. M.—Brown Hive, No. — Meets in A. O. U. W. hall, Buckus block, Tuesday after each full moon.
MRS. W. A. GIFFORD, Com.
MRS. JUDITH PRATT, R. K.

U. B. A.—Smethport Branch 21, meets second and fourth Wednesdays of each month at W. C. T. U. hall, Buckus block, at 7:30 p. m.
JAMES LYBURN, Pres't.
THOMAS CLARK, Rec. Sec'y.

W. C. T. U.—Meets every alternate Saturday afternoon at 3 p. m. in the M. E. Church.
MRS. D. L. FORSYTHE, Pres't.
MRS. M. E. RICHMOND, Sec'y.

P. H. C.—Smethport Branch, No. 25, meets on first and third Wednesday evenings of each month in Burdick Hall, Buckus block.
MRS. CHADWICK, Pres't.
MRS. W. M. MASSON, Sec'y.

Churches.

Methodist—Rev. J. W. Wright, Pastor. Preaching at 10:30 a. m. and 7:30 p. m. every Sunday. Class meeting at 12 m. on Sunday. Prayer Meeting on Thursday evenings at 7 o'clock. Junior League meetings Friday evenings at 6 o'clock. Pastor's meetings Monday evenings at 7 o'clock. Lent Meetings on Saturday evenings at 7 o'clock.

Baptist—Rev. O. W. HALLIWELL, pastor. Preaching every Sunday at 10:30 a. m. and 7:30 p. m. Bible school held directly after morning services. Prayer meeting on Wednesday evenings at 7 o'clock. Young People's meeting Tuesday evening at 7:30 o'clock. Covenant meeting every Saturday evening. Covenant meeting Saturday before the first Sundays in each month at 10:30 a. m. Communion service on the first Sunday of every month at 7:30 p. m. All are welcome.

Episcopal—Rev. HERMAN MCCANDLESS, Rector. Services every Sunday at 10:30 a. m. and 7:45 p. m. additional services at 4:30 p. m., except on the first Sunday of the month. Sunday school at 9:45 a. m. every Sunday.

St. Stephen's Memorial Church—East Smethport. Rev. HERMAN MCCANDLESS, Rector. Divine services every Sunday at 3:30 p. m. Sunday school at 2:30 p. m. The Ladies Guild meets every Friday at 10 a. m.

St. Edward's Catholic Church—Rev. J. J. GALLAGHER, pastor. Masses at 10:30 a. m. every Sunday except the third Sunday of each month, when mass will be said at 9 a. m. Vespers on each alternate Sunday at Smethport and Independence.

Union Services at King's Corners school house, East Smethport, every Sabbath afternoon at 3 o'clock, conducted by Rev. A. Bonnell. Sunday school at 2 p. m. Preaching.

Presbyterian—Rev. W. MYNARD, Pastor. Services every Sunday morning at 10:30 a. m. and 7:30 p. m. Sunday school at 12 m. Class meeting Monday evening at 7:30. Prayer meeting Thursday evening at 7:30. Children's Meeting, Saturday, 1:30 p. m. All are invited.

Seventh-day Adventist Church—Rev. S. H. LOCH, pastor. Services every Sunday at 2:30 p. m. Sunday school at 1:30 p. m. Gospel Service Wednesday evening. All are invited.

Professional Cards.

Attorneys.

R. B. STONE.
ATTORNEY-AT-LAW. Office: Pompeian Hall, Bradford, Pa.

J. W. BENSTEAD.
ATTORNEY AND COUNSELOR. Office over H. Hamlin's Banking Office, Smethport, Pa.

Sherry & Colgett.
ATTORNEYS-AT-LAW, Rooms 2 and 3, Sherry & Melvin Block, Bradford, Pa.
BYRON D. SHERRY. JOHN COLGETT.

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LAW AND LAND OFFICE, Smethport, Pa. Office of the late firm of Hamlin & Barrett, formerly Keating & Hyde, situated in the counties of McKean, Potter, Cameron, Clinton and Clearfield.

Sheridan Gorton,
ATTORNEY AT LAW and District Attorney of McKean County. Office in the Court House, Smethport, Pa.

A. N. Crandall,
ATTORNEY-AT-LAW, office with J. W. Benstead, Bank Building, Smethport, Pa. Collections a specialty.

E. E. Kennan,
ATTORNEY AT LAW, office opposite Chamberlain House, Smethport, Pa. All legal business attended to promptly.

M. H. Skyles,
ATTORNEY AND COUNSELOR AT LAW. Room: Masonic Temple Building, Bradford, Pa.

GEORGE MULLIN. W. F. MULLIN
Mullin & Mullin,
ATTORNEYS AT LAW, 13 Main Street, Bradford, Pa.

E. E. Mayo,
ATTORNEY AT LAW, Office in Odd Fellows' Building, over the Post Office, Smethport, Pa.

F. H. Cotton,
ATTORNEY AT LAW, Kinzel, Pa. Will promptly attend to all business entrusted to his care.

JAMES H. BENSON,
ATTORNEY-AT-LAW,
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A. M. HEGIE,
ATTORNEY-AT-LAW,
Office:
N. E. cor. Main & Third Sts., in Mann & Ormsbee building.
COUDERSPORT, PA.

W. F. DUNHAM. JOHN GRIMSON
DUNHAM & GRIMSHOE,
ATTORNEYS-AT-LAW,
Office corner Main and Third Streets.
COUDERSPORT, PA.

Physicians.

H. L. McCoy,
PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON, office in E. B. McCoy's drug store, Main street, Smethport Pa.

Dr. Harry Chadwick,
PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON. Prompt attention given to calls day or night. Office: One door east of W. T. Cullen's drug store, Main street.

John Clark, M. D. C. M.
Office and Residence in Kelly Block, Smethport, Pa.

J. C. Brown,
PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON. Office in Gleason Building, Smethport, Pa.

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Grand Central Hotel,
Main Street, Smethport, Pa.,
John C. Breneman, Proprietor.

This hotel has recently been renovated and refurnished. The table and bar constantly supplied with the best the market affords. First-class in every respect. Rates reasonable.

WRIGHT HOUSE
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CHAUTAUQUA HOUSE
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This House has recently been greatly improved in all its appointments, making it one of the most convenient hotels in the county. Good fare and attentive clerks. The tables are supplied with all the delicacies of the season. A liberal share of the public patronage is respectfully solicited.

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This Hotel has been recently built and is newly furnished throughout in the latest style. First-class accommodations for the traveling public.
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RICK DONOVAN, - - PROPRIETOR.

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Having taken possession of the above Hotel I am prepared to entertain my old friends and new ones as well, in the proper manner. Come and see me.

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First-class sample rooms.
Free Buss to and from all trains.

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This house has just been rebuilt and refurnished. The tables are supplied with the best the market affords and the accommodations are all that can be desired. The bar is supplied with the best brands of liquors and cigars.
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Over Things.

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Come to us for all the materials you need to make over your winter wardrobe:

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—Scissors, polished English steel, 95c. to $1.48, also Embroidery Scissors and Button Hole Scissors, with adjustable gauge.
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—Dress Shields, 5c. per pair and upward.
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—Buttons, all kinds.
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And everything else you'll need, at prices that will help you to be economical.

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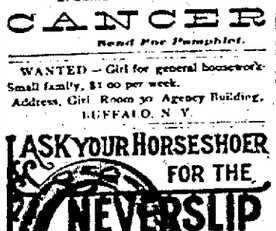
Address, Girl Room 30 Agency Building, BUFFALO, N. Y.

ASK YOUR HORSESHOER FOR THE NEVERSLIP THE ONLY SHOE FOR WINTER USE.



It ABSOLUTELY prevents slipping, and insures perfect safety and comfort to horse and driver.
Shod with the "Neverslip," your horse's feet are always in good condition—kept so by not having to constantly renew the shoes for sharpening.
The CALKS are REMOVABLE,
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When worn out new Calks can be easily inserted without removing shoes, saving an immense amount of time usually lost at the blacksmith's shop.
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THE BLOOD is the source of health. Take Hood's Sarsaparilla to keep it pure and rich. Be sure to get HOOD'S SARSAPARILLA.

THANKSGIVING DAY.

What of the gifts of the corn lands
Is called to mind?
And what if the cost of the thistle
Is figured and found?
There's home, and great smoke cheer.
And so we will be full [illegible]
The day of thanksgiving is here

A sigh for the vanished splendor
Of the autumn's purple and red,
For the gold-dust that is withered,
For the gentian bloom that is dead.
Then turn to the hearthstone cheery.
Behold, 'tis the time of year
To count our blessings and rarcies—
The day of thanksgiving is here.

Bare and brown is the shadows,
The naked land meets the gaze,
Where the bold, blithe bee went seeking
Its sweets in the summer days.
The honey is stored in plenty.
So what if the winter is near?
The time is not one for repining—
The day of thanksgiving is here.

The fruit has matured in its season,
The sunshine has ripened the seed.
Then sing to the Lord of the harvest
A song of thanksgiving indeed.
The moon and the moon have passed by us,
'Tis the sweet afternoon of the year,
So let not your tribute be lacking—
The day of thanksgiving is here.
—Good Housekeeping.

THE THIEF'S TURKEY.

"Well, my dear, we are sure at least of our turkey," said the minister as he fastened about his throat the long worsted comforter that old Mrs. Lummy had knit for him, and which he wore in spite of its gaudy purple and yellow hues that hurt his artistic sense every time he looked at it rather than wound the feelings of that dim eyed, kindly old soul. "And we will eat it with a cheerful, thankful heart and not repine that the good Lord has seen fit to send us no more."

His wife glanced lovingly up into the thin, gentle face with its honest, tender eyes and at the scant gray hair, and her heart smote her at sight of this unfaltering piety. The children that gathered about their board were many and their wants so numerous that it seemed always a blank wall ahead to meet them. True there did open up a way generally, but it was such a narrow way, and Mrs. Jones found that in squeezing through she lost her youth and beauty.

But for all his cheerfulness before his wife, whose burdens he bore in sympathy, or as many as she let him dream of, the person was a little heavy hearted that chill, bleak November day as he trudged down the hill toward the tiny village nestling at its foot. There had been a light, fall of snow during the night, but it had given steadily colder, and the sleet had formed a solid glistening sheet over the whole, so that the person found it hard to keep his footing. At last, with a merry twinkle in his eyes, he threw off the depression that was clogging his feet and chilling his heart and prepared to slide down the hill, following the example of a crowd of boys farther off. Away he went, reaching the bottom breathless at first as the knife like air struck him, but he was soon rosy and smiling. But as he neared the bottom of the hill he saw a man tolling up it.

"Look out!" shouted the parson. "Get out of my way, if you please, sir, as I cannot get out of yours!"

The man glanced up, his small, deep set eyes taking in the flying figure, but not in time to avoid it, and in another moment the Rev. William Jones had taken a "header" into the person of the stranger.

"Please excuse me," said the parson, laughing and righting himself as soon as he could and then holding out a hand to assist the other to rise.

The man, who had picked up as him was a disagreeable one, with the cunning, shifty eyes of an uneasy conscience, the wide-spread ears of an alert animal which expects every moment to be overtaken by the treachery itself, practices and the mean, little features that speak a degraded soul. In answer to the minister's apologies the man only grunted and mumbled the same thing under his breath and went on with out so much as a backward look. The parson stood gazing after him, wondering who he could be.

"No one from about here," he mused. "Ah, he must be the man who has taken Blackpool cottage that Wilson was telling me of yesterday. And with a memory of the evil countenance in his mind the Rev. Jones went on, sadder and more anxious than before the encounter.

Tomorrow was Thanksgiving, a day when a nation kneels as one and thanks God for mercies sent and breathes a vow of rolling up one grand volume of praise to the living throne. Yes, he was thankful—thankful for every one of the children at home, thankful that they were his and stout lads and lassies all, though it was so hard to feed their hungry mouths, ever like little birds, open to be filled, so hard to shoe and dress and educate them; thankful for Annie, his dear wife, that her loving hand was in his as they stumbled up the hill of life.

It was perhaps but natural that, as he thought of these beloved ones of his, the parson should heave a sigh that he could not give them more of this life's goods. How he wound like to see Annie once more well dressed! She used to be so dainty when a girl. How well he remembered one pretty blue silk she used to wear and an especial bonnet with a long, drooping plume of a bird's breast in it—he was not sure which it was—and, at any rate, the face under it was so bright and smiling, with never a wrinkle in its bloom, and now today poverty had sown heavy lines about the eyes that used to laugh up at him and around the lips that still for all their anxiety never refused to smile at him. And then there was Gregory, his eldest son, "as good a son as ever blessed a father's heart." though the parson. Poor Gregory, who longed so for a college education, and who struggled so bravely and patiently on in the village store while his soul was hungry for books and knowledge. There was Lizzie, too, poor girl, whose music loving soul longed to study her chosen art, and who was obliged to be satisfied with the squeaky little old harmonium in the tiny hill church. What if he could have given them all this? And the parson's very heart stood still with restless at the thought. But he caught himself up sharply. He was repining. Indirectly he was blaming God for doing his own will. He was looking back after his hand was set to the plow. This would never, never do.

Shoving his hat down on his head with a sturdy determination to be thankful in spite of his wicked, discontented heart, the parson stopped at the "store" and gave his order.

"A barrel of potatoes, Mr. Kittredge, if you please," he said.

"Nothing else, Mr. Jones?" returned the merchant. "Tomorrow's Thanksgiving, and your lady will be wanting all sorts of things, I suppose. Husbands are apt to be forgetful, or I should not speak," he added, with a good natured smile, but the minister shook his head.

It had been no trouble to remember his wife's short order, for the potatoes were all they could afford now. Then he set down that $200 thrust at Joe had written for and without which he would have lost his little farm and which the poor minister had spared him, the whole of his humble savings, and which had left them with next to nothing for the rest of the year. He had even had to borrow half of it, and that debt must be paid, come what would, to Joe.

Brother Joe had written first for it to rich Aunt Jane down in Greenville, but she had replied that she "feared that Joe's extravagance had resulted in this, and that to suffer for it would be a wholesome lesson to him and Sally," so, smiling a little over the idea of Joe's being extravagant on the pittance his rocky little farm furnished, the parson had sent the money. But Aunt Jane was munificent to her way. Once a year, at Thanksgiving, she sent each of the brethern a turkey, well stuffed and ready to be put right into the oven, and with this entirely discharged the duties of relative and philanthropist.

"We'll have this at least," he said the

THE THIEF'S TURKEY.

minister, and before he started home he called at the express office for the annual box. But it had not come, so he went on, thinking that it would surely be there in the morning, and as he trudged on up the hill said over and over to himself: "Potatoes and turkey are a feast compared to the dinners to which thousands will sit down tomorrow. I am thankful, I am thankful, I am thankful!"

* * * * * * *

In the meantime the man "who had taken Blackpool cottage" went on his way, stopping every now and then to read the dirty scrawl he has received that afternoon at the postoffice.

Curiously enough, this had been addressed to William Jones, Esq., though the inside read:

DEAR SON—The cops are after us so hard that I am afraid to move. I'd to sell You have From Me, but as you say you Needs yors about The bonDLe I send it to'd you now the NoTes that were In the safe or N. g so that make yors SleEr with min And Kits taken Out? just $10,000, as things is I am Trade to trust It out so too ThE Express so send it in a package. 100K good in enny you may get Yors TrUe paRd JIMMY.

"He'd better send it," muttered the man, setting his lips grimly. "I didn't mix myself up in that there bank business to git done out of my share, and Slim Jimmy knows I kin hang him any day, so I guess he'll come up square. D——n it all! Here I am shut up in this hole, not daring to make a move with that devil, young Ross, after me so close. But I think I've rather left him this time, and if I stay here quiet for a month or so can get away after that. He lost the scent last week."

So, congratulating himself that he had eluded the officers by coming to this obscure village, the man let himself into the gloomy cottage he had chosen on the shores of a pool of murky water. That it had great wooden shutters and oaken doors had recommended it to the hunted thief. He sat down before the hearth and dragged together the smoldering embers, blowing them to get a flame. They caught the kindling he laid on them, and soon a fire was roaring up the big chimney, throwing out the chilled ruffian. He half slept in his chair, when all at once a child's voice said just outside the door, "Oh, mister, oh, mister, your chimney's on fire!" With a muttered curse on the chimney and with anything but polite thanks for his informant, he rose and walked to the door to find out the truth of the matter for himself.

A little boy, blue with cold, stood outside looking intently up at the roof. "There, sir, here! You can see it from here." And, laying aside his caution for once, Black Bob walked out unarmed and almost into the arms of a good looking young officer of the detective force and his men. "Ah, glad to meet you, Mr. Robert Black, alias Fred Tutt, alias Ed Lemon, alias Mr. William Jones and goodness knows what else," said young Ross, covering the thief with his revolver.

Black Bob snarled like a trapped tiger, but allowed them to slip the handcuffs over his wrists.

"Now," said the officer, "where's the boodle that you robbed the bank of? You may as well confess, for I've got your partner, Slim Jimmy—caught him this morning. And I'll get Kit Ley your other one, before long. Now tell us where the money is."

The prisoner bestowed on him an ugly grin. "It's where you can't get it. Don't you wish you could!" Then, with an oath, he swore: "I rather see you in perdition than tell you. Let who gets it have my compliments," adding to himself, "I'd even rather the express company got it, darned monopolists though they are, than you, to get the credit of giving it back, toy young roastee."

The men turned their horses toward the village on the other side of the hill, but Ross stopped them. "No, we'll go back the way we came from Richland. I don't care to have the news of this arrest get out just now, for I have an idea that Bob here will finally turn state's evidence against the third man and tell us where the rascal is hiding. We'll never catch him else, as he is the slyest of the bunch."

So nothing was known in Littleton of the capture, nor did it ever know, being a sleepy little place, minding strictly its own business and taking only such literature as the Watchman on the Wall or The Zion Herald, which were not calculated to disturb its peace of mind.

"We will all be thankful, children, tomorrow, really thankful, for God's mercies," said the minister that night, looking around over his benevolent glasses, that reflected the fire—the one fire in the house, about which they gathered, and, being good, obedient children, each tried to obey the father's and the mother's orders and went to bed at nine o'clock.

"Annie Jane's turkey, which Gregory went to call for in the morning after he had built the fire in the church.

This was a most important errand, as you may suppose, turkeys being nearly as rare as black swans in the Jones family, and Gregory brushed his clothes next morning until you forget their shabbiness in their excruciating neatness and set off whistling lightly after he had sent a cheery flame through the tiny stove in the tiny church. And he held himself a trifle straighter than usual as he asked the agent, in the assumption of carelessness he affects about every day in the year to getting packages by express, if there was a box there for William Jones, the Rev. William Jones. There was a box for William Jones, and as there was but one William Jones known to the gentleman of tags and receipts the minister had no fear but he was the one meant. The gentleman asked for, so Gregory went home lugging the box, which seemed unusually heavy this year, and giving it to his mother with a kiss of congratulation as she came hurrying in from church to get the dinner as quickly as possible for the others who were coming on behind.

"Yes, it's a shoat—one than Aunt Jane usually sends," said Mrs. Jones as she felt the plump breast. Aunt Jane's turkeys were apt to be a trifle off weight, but this one was so nicely rounded that the good lady must have put in "lots of stuffing," as 5 year-old Eddie said as his flushed mother bent down and sent the fire bird into the oven beside the generous pan of potatoes.

* * * * * * *

Now all was ready. Mr. Jones, smiling at each one in turn as he mentally sized up his blessings, took the head of the table and Mrs. Jones the foot. All the other little Joneses waited reverently while their father said grace, but with outright looks at that would have disconcerted any bird on earth but this one. Now the amen was uttered, the minister straightened himself up in his chair, he seized his knife, drew it along the steel with what to the little Joneses seemed cruel deliberation, then drew the turkey to him. The right leg off, now the left, now the right wing, now the breast, so beautiful and symmetrical! Now the knife was poised above the brown breast itself, and it lay open.

But what was this that showed to the astonished eyes of the family? The minister's face paled; Mrs. Jones rose from her seat and ran to his side to look for herself; the youngest Jones broke into a howl of disappointment, for instead of the gush of stuffing he had looked for there was only revealed a tin box, from which the cover had just been knocked, revealing rolls on rolls of $50 and $100 bills.

Whose was it? Where had it come from?

But though the minister tried faithfully to discover, he never did. Aunt Jane was written to, but her turkey came next day, delayed, and she declared that she knew nothing of it, but so pleased was she at the family's prosperity that when she died next year she left all she had to her "beloved nephew, William Jones," being, as many others, disposed to give to those who have. And when the minister found that all inquiries were vain he finally accepted the gift as from the Lord, as who shall say it was not? And so Gregory went to college, and Lizzie owned for "her very own" the finest piano that could be had and learned to play it so well that when the next Thanksgiving came it was to her accompaniment the assembled family sang "In Some Way or Other the Lord Will Provide."—Philadelphia Times.

The MINER and American Agriculturist one year, $2 in advance.

The Thanksgiving Dinner.

For those who wish to prepare a Thanksgiving dinner a trifle more elaborate than the old fashioned turkey and vegetables with mince and pumpkin pie the following menu is excellent:

Clear soup.
Timbale of halibut. Shrimp sauce.
Potato balls.
Roasted turkey. Oyster sauce.
Cranberry jelly.
Stuffed peppers. Sweet potato croquettes.
Sausage balls. Lettuce salad.
Wafers—Cheese. Charlotte russe.
Coffee.

To make the timbale of halibut a half pound of cooked halibut is put through a sieve. A gill of milk is placed over the fire, into which is stirred a half a pint of bread crumbs, it being removed as soon as bread crumbs, it being removed as soon as these and New Year's gifts and merriment also encroaches on the earlier holiday. The sons and daughters, too, have many of them made their homes in the far west or south, so that it is less easy to return to the family hearthstone than in the days when in stagecoach or with one's own chaise and amid family horse the shorter journeys were so gladly made.

In former times the dinner itself was a marked feature, because it was the one day when the stern Puritan spirit was allowed to relax itself and enjoy the pleasures of the table with the sanction of custom and religion.

The Puritan woman, forced to a close economy the ugliest the year lest supplies should give out in the [illegible] harvest, delightedly threw prudence to the winds for once and reveled in the exercise of her housewifely skill. As there were no markets, the best farm or garden produce was saved to cook on this day, and neighborly exchange of fruits and vegetables added variety. Preparations began long beforehand. The boys and girls had their new winter clothes to christen on that day, because the schoolmaster always began school the Monday after Thanksgiving. So the mother and daughters, assisted by the [illegible] ornamentations and sewed and sewed to be ready in time. Then the brick oven, rarely found now, was cleaned and heated for baking and filled and refilled. Pies was the dish upon which the housekeeper spent the best of her art, and great was the glory when a new variety was evolved. Fifty and sixty pies were the proper Thanksgiving allowance.

On Tuesday before the feast day the cakes, cookies and gingerbread were made, and big spicy loaves of "loction cake, for the Pilgrim mother had "to keep hotel" for a few days when the kith and kin came, and like a wise woman she stocked her larder bountifully. The turkeys were dressed and stuffed, the chickens plucked and cut up, and plenty of bread, both white and brown, was baked.

On the actual day there was still much final preparation, and after the regulation breakfast of stewed chicken was cleared away the men, boys and young children celebrated the morning with outside sports, while the women folks literally slumbered themselves "with much savory fog."

It was the bounden duty of the family to send at least one wagon load to church, and many were the tricks played by even those of older growth to get left behind, for, alas, for Puritan upbringing, the most remembered point of the sermon was its length.

Two o'clock, the universal dinner hour, would come at last, however, and the merry party would gather around a bountiful table, where roast turkey was king, with his attendants of boiled turkey, ham or roast meat. Every vegetable possible was grouped about the royal bird, with the crimson cranberry sauce and ruby jelly as high lights to the picture wrought by the cook's skill. Then came the chicken pie, and then the dessert of pies, and sometimes the native nuts and raisins and apples. But these were oftener saved for evening, and, added to slices of cake and glasses of cider, were all that was prepared for supper.

Games and jokes, family stories told and retold, singing quaint old hymns and lively glees from the "singing school" made up the simple, homely joys that ruled the day and early evening and helped to bind the New Englander to his early home with a strong though often unsuspected hold.—New York Times.

Roast Turkey of Auld Lang Syne.

In the early days, when the "great store of wilde fowle" was the Indian contribution to the Christian festival of Thanksgiving, roasting was not baking, as it is now. Over a big fireplace, such as the first settlers built to accommodate the huge logs the virgin forest supplied, was driven a great bulk of spikey, from which the turkey was suspended by a string. A stick with a notched end was placed against the mantel front and the string held in the notch. Careful adjustment of stick and string kept the turkey at a proper distance from the fire. Underneath was placed a great iron pan to catch the juicy fat that dripped during the roasting. An occasional twist of the string kept the turkey slowly spinning, so that all parts received equal heat. Slices of salt pork slowly frizzling below in the dripping pan furnished a rich fluid for the basting, which was a constant process. In the general rejoicings where so many whites and Indians indulged in prolonged Thanksgiving feasting the venison and turkeys were roasted in the open at temporary fireplaces built of massive logs.—Chicago Tribune.

Puritan Thanksgiving Games.

Strict as the old Puritans were, they were not opposed to certain games, particularly those of an outdoor character. Bowls and backgammon were permitted, and the young men and maidens were not restricted, at least in the colonies of Plymouth and Massachusetts Bay, from participating in them upon Thanksgiving day after they had devoutly attended to "meetings." Some of the old English fireside games were also permitted, and many a bevy of Puritan lads and lassies participated in snapdragon or blind man's buff on Thanksgiving night. This custom of making the occasion one for family and social reunion and devoting it largely to innocent amusement is still one of the most honored in connection with Thanksgiving day, and nowhere more so than in New England.—Christian Advocate.

A Huge Thanksgiving Pie.

In the first quarter of this fast fading century a huge pumpkin pie was made for Thanksgiving by a Dutch baker on one of the down town streets of New York. It is described as having been baked in 12 triangular sections, each a foot broad in the largest part. The pieces were laid together to form a circle and the joints covered by decorations of confectionery. This was a pumpkin pie, and in its luscious custard-ness was concealed a gold half eagle, the prize of the lucky purchaser who found it in his piece. The prudent baker, after the pie had been sufficiently admired, cut it into even pieces at 10 cents a slice, giving customers their choice of location, but refusing to take out a single piece till the whole pie was bespoken.—Exchange.

Thanksgiving All the Year.

Once a year there comes a day
In the chill November weather
When from near and far away
Loving kindred meet together.

Thanks are given that once again
They whose distance separated,
With their hearts all free from pain,
Gather there with hearts elated.

Yet through all the changing year
We for giving thanks have reason
For the blessings that appear,
That we find in every season.

Thanks for shelter from the storm,
Thanks because no ills confound us,
Thanks for hearts that o'er are warm,
Thanks for loving friends around us.

Thanks for health that day by day
With fresh pleasure comes attended,
Thanks for sorrow passed away,
Thanks for troubles that are ended.

So, for blessings we receive,
Making our lives worth the living,
Every day of our we find
Should be for us a Thanksgiving.
—New York Ledger.

FAMILY REUNIONS.

A GOOD THANKSGIVING CUSTOM PASSING AWAY.

Recollections of the Holiday as Celebrated Long Ago—Preparations For the Feast, Puritan Economy Forgotten For the Occasion—Evening Jollities.

In times gone by Thanksgiving day was kept throughout New England much more universally than is possible now. Not only does the summer outing, which grows in length and frequency, make it difficult for whole families to take another journey so soon, but the large increase of Christmas and New Year's gifts and merriment also encroaches on the earlier holiday. The sons and daughters, too, have many of them made their homes in the far west or south, so that it is less easy to return to the family hearthstone than in the days when in stagecoach or with one's own chaise and amid family horse the shorter journeys were so gladly made.

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McKean County Miner.

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OLSON & GILBERT
Editors and Publishers.

Smethport, Pa., Nov 23, 1894

GIVE the Northwest a show

HON HERMAN H NORTH for speaker

IT is hardly fair to give Philadelphia all the plums as well as the pud ding

CLEVELAND is now cutting the cards for a new deal. Wonder what it will be? Will he advocate more free trade, repeal of the ten per cent on national banks, or will he ask Congress to appropriate a sum of money to mend his consecrated hand that was smashed on election day.

YES, the Democratic papers were right when they declared before election that the times were improving. Of course, the times are improving, as evidenced by the secretary of the treasury having to sell bonds in order to keep up with improvements. Great is Democratic humbugery.

OWING to the fact that rates are very low, that old Allegheny river route known as Salt river is rushed with business, and the steamers that ply their way up its tortuous and beautiful courses are loaded daily with passengers who are anxious to reach their destinations and be able to select good sites for their permanent homes.

THE venerable Rev Dr James McCosh, the well known ex president of Princeton College, died at Princeton, N J, on Nov 17, of old age. He was called to the presidency of Princeton in 1868, holding the office nearly 20 years. He was also known years ago as a lecturer, and his prolific pen spread his name throughout the Christian world.

STATE SENATOR GEORGE ROSS, of Bucks county, died at his home in Doylestown last Monday morning, at the age of 54 years, of Bright's disease. This was his second term as Senator. Mr Ross was a man of prominence, standing at the head of his profession in old Bucks county, and a man of influence in politics. Being a Democrat, he was universally looked up to in that stronghold of Democracy.

QUITE a number of Republicans have good and desirable cottages with all modern improvements that they will dispose of to good customers on a bonafide sale cannot be rented. Cash payment in full at the drawing of papers. These gentlemen have occupied these premises for only two years, consequently they are in a good state of preservation located at the head waters of a beautiful stream known as Saline river.

BOURKE COCKRAN has added a new name to the many titles that have been given the Democratic party by its leaders. He denounces his own party as "interoguminous, discordant, irreconcilable and incapable." No need for Republicans to say anything about them. Leave them alone and they will use up all the vile terms in the dictionary to denounce their own party. The old saying holds true, give a bad man rope enough and he will hang himself.

SELLING United States bonds to replenish the gold fund in the treasury is proving a failure. The bankers who buy the bonds are simply drawing the gold out of the United States treasury to purchase the bonds with. Instead of adding to the gold fund, it only tends to weaken the credit of the government, because it will increase our interest bearing debt simply a matter of robbing Peter to pay Paul or in other words, like a man getting his bank note renewed to stave off immediate foreclosure.

SO FAR as we have been able to discover, there is but one newspaper man in this section of the State who takes the defeat of Democratic principles to heart so much as Bro. Johnston, of the Emporium *Echo*, and the only way he can vent his feelings is by attacking the personal character of Governor-elect Hastings. Now, we suppose if "Our Dan" was apprised of the manner in which he was scored by this great quill driver, he might take it to heart and decline to qualify for the office or commit suicide. Never mind, you poor injured morsel of humanity, it won't hurt you much.

LOOK out for something startling when the President's message comes out. Cleveland has shut himself up and forbids any visitors disturbing him in his seclusion, and there is no question but that he will come out with something equal to his celebrated letter to Prof. Wilson or the Catchings communication. Usually the President on such occasions requires the assistance of his Cabinet in constructing the annual message, but Cleveland rises above his predecessors and entirely ignores his counsellors. He is determined to see how great a failure he can make of the last Democratic administration.

PROF. WILSON has decided that the Democratic party during the short session will not urge any more tariff legislation. So we respectfully suggest that there is another fool-hardy plank in the Chicago platform that is on the boards as unfinished business which will have a tendency to wipe out what few remaining Democrats are scattered here and there throughout the country and that is the repeal of our ten per cent tax on national banks. Congress will find it rather dull this winter having no tariff legislation to work upon, and this repeal would keep the members from getting homesick. By all means repeal the ten per cent tax.

GENERAL HASTINGS' advisers will consist of the following gentlemen: Attorney-General, H. C. McCormick, of Williamsport; Secretary of the Commonwealth, Frank Reeder, of Easton, Insurance Commissioner, James H. Lambert, of Philadelphia; Adjutant General, Thomas J. Stewart, of Norristown, Private secretary, Lewis E. Beitler, of Philadelphia. Governor-elect Hastings has shown commendable judgment in selecting his counselors. They are all good men, well qualified to fill the positions they are chosen for.

AS USUAL the northwestern part of the state is entirely ignored in the new deal. We do not for a moment question General Hastings as to his Cabinet. They are all good men, eminently fitted to fill the positions assigned them, but we do make a kick on this large Republican section of the state being left entirely in the cold. We have any amount of ability of the Republican kind to fill such positions, and these men were always present when Republican votes were needed to keep Pennsylvania as the keystone of the Republican arch. The time may come when the voters of this section of the state will be recognized and their requests respected.

THE Democratic Journals are very much worked up over the fact that Cleveland did not work and vote for Hill in New York state, and lay the fact of Hill's defeat to Cleveland. These papers are as wide of the mark as usual. Hill was not a candidate in New Jersey, Pennsylvania, Ohio, Illinois, Indiana and numerous other States that went overwhelmingly Republican. These Democratic journals are not willing to own the truth—that it was the incompetency of the Democratic party that had disgusted the whole country but they come the baby act and disown the President because he did not write a letter endorsing Hill in New York. Why will they always try to mislead the people? Cleveland might have flooded every state in the Union with letters urging the people to support the Democratic candidates, and the result in the President's policy, and he could not have stemmed the tide. The people tired of this free trade policy and were going to vote it down in a emphatic manner that there could be no mistake as to their meaning. Democratic newspapers would retain the respect of the people more if they would come out boldly and acknowledge to the country that the policy of free trade which they have been advocating is not acceptable to the majority of the people, instead of pointing the finger of derision at the President and saying they have no President and he has no party, simply because he did not bolster up the rotten Democracy of New York State, the downfall of which every honest Democrat in the country is heartily glad of. Gentlemen, a little more candor with your readers, instead of such baby work, would be far more to your credit. Hails the President of your choice, but if he had been a Mugwump, instead of a Stephenson, he could not have kept the hordes of incompetent Democrats from being buried in the Red Sea of free trade.

RESULTS OF THE 53D CONGRESS

1st Repeal of the silver purchasing clauses of the Sherman bill, which has had a tendency to knock free silver into a cocked hat wherever the question has been balloted upon.

2d The repeal of the federal election law, which has already caused two murders, one at Troy and the other at Chicago.

3d The passage of the Wilson-Gorman bill, which has caused an irreparable split in the Democratic party and killed free trade forever.

4th. The breaking up of the solid south, which in 1896 will give several Republican electoral votes.

5th. Showing that Democrats are protectionists, as witness their efforts to protect the interests of their constituents, which was shown by Senator Murphy and Congressman Dan Lockwood, of New York State.

6th The sugar trust connived with the Democratic Senators, whereby forty million dollors were taken from the consumers of sugar and given to the trust.

7th Congress saving twenty nine millions on the pension of the old veterans.

THE DEPTH OF DEGRADATION

William E. Curtis is responsible for the statement that

The United States battleship "Monterey" left the harbor of Fairhaven, when she lay at anchor 600 yards from a coal dock, and sailed up Puget Sound, 50 or 60 miles, to fill her bunkers with Canadian coal from the Coquitlam mine, near Vancouver, because she could get it $1 a ton cheaper there than on this side of the border. Why? Because the Dominion coal is mined by Chinamen who are paid $1 a day. The Fairhaven coal is mined by white men, who demand $3.

It seems almost impossible to believe that a Democratic Administration could sink to such a depth of degradation. Does the Whitney Russell coal trust's interest extend to the Canadian Pacific end of the line? Buying Coquitlam coal in Canada is as bad as paying a bounty to Coolie sugar in Hawaii. Anything to down an American.—*Economist.*

THE WEEK.

In nearly all branches of business gradual improvement appears, and the hopeful feeling observed last week. Then it was also noticed that the main conditions of business and trade had not suddenly changed, and this becomes clearer, to the disappointment of some. Low farm products, low wages, and only partial employment of labor, still retard distribution, and the limited demand hinders the recovery of industries. Progress toward recovery has not ceased, and many establishments have resumed or added to their producing force, some also advancing wages, but it will take this to lift business out of its depression, and the progress made, if less than the sanguine expected, is at least encouraging. The decision to offer $50,000,000 bonds for the replenishment of the treasury reserve was, by bankers, generally approved, but events are showing that restoration of confidence cannot by itself remove all embarrassment.—*Dun.*

English Spavin Liniment removes all hard, soft or calloused lumps and blemishes from horses, blood spavins curbs, splints, sweeney, ring-bone stifles, all swollen throats, coughs, etc. Save $40 by use of one bottle. Warranted the most wonderful blemish cure ever known. Sold by A. E. Armstrong Druggist, Smethport, Pa.

WHERE ARE WE AT?

Those old Union veterans (of a great number of them) have always been a mystery to me. To be candid it has always been a query, how they could vote with us Democrats; and more especially in the last two years. Of course we Democrats were delighted to have the old soldiers cast our ballots and help our candidates, but it was beyond my comprehension, as we have been economical as regards the pension question and always try to curtail expenses wherever we could and nothing gave us Democrats greater pleasure than to drop a pensioner now and then from the list. That noble Democrat from the south, Hoke Smith, has not been backward in using the pruning knife, for he has saved the country in a little over a year the great sum of $29,000,000 in dropping off the soldiers who fought against his friends from 1861 to 1865, and there is no question but what his work is in hearty accord with most of our party. When he can save such a large amount of money as the above sum, even though it comes hard on the old soldiers to lose their pension they have the satisfaction of knowing that it is for the public good. We have another great scheme on hand now. Our Democratic newspapers are begining to catch on, we are going to publish the pension roll in every county in the country, so that everybody will discover who the parties are who are drawing pensions, and if there are any of them that can work and earn a living, we will report the matter to Hoke Smith, and he will see to it that the matter is fully investigated. Undoubtedly quite a number will be dropped from the list of the pension rolls. We will have more of no incentive to carry the matter out, as there must have been a great many of the soldiers throughout the country that voted as they shot during the war—against us by the size of the Republican majorities, and so we will try and get even with them by cutting off their pension. Hoke Smith is the boy that can be trusted to save every cent to the government that he can, especially if it is on pensions. A great many of the veterans have voted our ticket now that they have gone back on us, we will get even by depriving them of their pension. It is true, they saved the country from being divided and they think they are entitled to a recompense, but the honor of such a great deed should be sufficient for them. Our Democratic friends on the other side, who tried to destroy the government, are not receiving any pensions, and why should those who fought to preserve it receive any? We found it necessary to give over $40,000,000 to the sugar trust in order to pass the Wilson-Gorman bill, so we must economise by every means in our power. The people did not murmur very much when we legislated the price of sugar up, and as they become accustomed to our way of doing business, they will not kick much if we take some of their pensions away.

Economy is the main question before us Democrats at the present time. $50,000,000 in bonds last winter, $40,000,000 to the sugar trust, $50,000,000 more in bonds now to be issued and only $29,000,000 saved on pensions. We will have to use the pruning knife more. We did have some hopes of deriving a considerable sum from the income tax, but some way times are so hard that we cannot find any one that has an income up to $4000 although it is a Democratic measure and I ought to be proud of it, besides it does not affect me. To be candid, I don't believe it can be collected. It carried up to the Supreme Court. We must save somewhere, and the only thing we can work is the pension ride, and that is very gratifying, as it seems to meet the approval of every Democrat, unless he happens to be an old soldier.

BARNEY JACKSON Dem

CAPTURING FOREIGN MARKETS

The way the United States is capturing "the markets of the world under the new tariff law, as promised by President Cleveland and Mr Wilson, must be highly gratifying to them. The latest Treasury publication on the subject shows that the exports are much less than a year ago while the imports are larger and rapidly increasing. For instance the exports for September were $12,247,125 less than for the same month last year when the McKinley act was in effect. There was evidently a big capture of foreign trade in September. The value of exports of breadstuffs in October, 1893, was $13,911,626; October, 1894, $9,849,596, a decline of nearly 25 per cent. At this rate we shall soon cease to have an export trade.

Some of the details of our foreign commerce throw additional light on this subject. Lumber was placed on the free list by the new law. The exports in September were $1,968,056, as compared with $2,155,521 in September of last year. But while the exports fell off the imports increased from $584,112 to $1,556 526. Of cotton manufacturing industry was the one great thing that was to show a large increase in exports "in exchange for foreign commodities." But the exports in September were only $1,038,107 in value as compared with $1,240,185's year ago. The imports of cotton goods, however, increased from $1,456 345 in September, 1893, to $2,225,054 for the same month this year. And that was one industry in which the United States has the advantage of all the world in cheap free raw material. This not only shows what a colossal humbug the free raw material cry is, but it demonstrates that under the Wilson bill we not only lose foreign markets we had before but we lose our valuable home market.

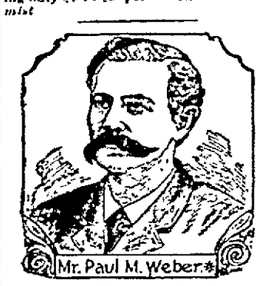
Another interesting piece of information shedding light on the incredible folly of the Wilson bill comes from the Argentine Republic. Soon after the Wilson bill passed news came from Argentena that its customs duties on certain staple articles imported from the United States were to be reduced. It is now officially announced that the Argentine Republic has abandoned the plan of reducing its tariff. It appears that when the new bill passed Congress the Argentine Minister telegraphed to his Government: "The Wilson bill has passed. All Argentine products are admitted free." Knowing that the United States had reciprocity agreements with Brazil and other countries, and having offered to make such an agreement if wool were admitted free, the Argentine Government construed the dispatch of its Minister to mean that the offer had been accepted and that some advantages would have to be given to the United States in return, and proposed to call the Argentine Congress together for that purpose. Uruguay heard of this and telegraphed to her Minister at Washington to insist upon Congress not including wool in the alingement for free wool. The reply was sent that all countries shared the favor alike. This information was conveyed to the Argentine Government, which immediately abandoned its previously announced purpose of reducing duties on United States products.

This illustrates the unspeakable folly of the Wilson law. The advantages the United States has in Brazil, Cuba, Germany and in other countries are not only sacrificed, but with a lack of even common sense in caring for the nation's interests the opportunity to extend those advantages was thrown away.—*Phila. Press.*

A CRACK WITH A BOOMERANG.

In the campaign of 1892 a workman in a Trenton pottery who was earning $12 a week, said to his fellow workmen: "I am a Republican, but I am going to vote the Democratic ticket, for I want to get a crack at the bosses." After the election of Mr Cleveland, when business began to decline, this man was one of the first to be laid off at the pottery.

Three months ago when it was reported that the potteries were about to resume work, this same workman met his former employer. Upon inquiring for work he was asked if he was not at the time working. "Yes," he replied, "some little, but I am earning only $7 to $9 per week." *Economist*



All Run Down

Always Tired, Sleepless and Without Appetite

Blood Vitalized and Strength Renewed by Hood's Sarsaparilla.

"C. I. Hood & Co., Lowell, Mass.:

"For a couple of years, I was subject to feelings anything but good. I always felt tired, I could not sleep at night and the little I could eat did not seem to benefit me any.

I Did Not Have Any Ambition

to go around or work and in fact was not able to do a good day's work. I happened to pick up a circular embracing advertisements and testimonials for Hood's Sarsaparilla, and after reading

Hood's Sarsaparilla Cures

ing them decided to give Hood's Sarsaparilla a trial. I have taken five bottles and must say that I have derived wonderful benefit from it and

Feel Like a New Man.

I would recommend it to all sufferers and would urge them not to hesitate but to decide at once to take Hood's Sarsaparilla." PAUL M. WEBER, 113 North Tenth Street, Reading, Pennsylvania.

Hood's Pills are prompt and efficient yet easy in action. Sold by all druggists. 25c.

WHEN IN BUFFALO
GO TO
MOORE'S RESTAURANT
A dry Beer Regular Dinners
50 cents. Best in city.
12 West Chapin St.,
BUFFALO, N. Y.

Harper's Bazar
In 1895

An account of new dress designs for the Fall and the short Winter season, drawn from Worth in Paris, Redfern and Chas. Jones, in London, and Bonnet, Opper and Carmen, in New York, will appear every week, as will a full page of fashion notes. Beginning as a paint in the November 3 issue, the Bazar will contain a colored supplement at least half a column in width, which will be continued from the point where the next day's issue ends. Miss Wilkins' memorable story of Pembroke, which began in the issue of November 10, will be concluded in the issue of November 17. Mrs. Burton Harrison's brilliant novel, "The Anglomaniacs," will begin in the issue of November 17. Mrs. Burton Harrison's new

F. G. LINDHOLM & CO.

week we are showing the ... Fascinators and Hoods ... Misses and Children ... new line of Hats and Caps ... tlemen and Boys. Come ... the new shapes

WOOLEN GOODS

... heaper All wool flannel ... per yd Ladies' heavy ... se for 50c pr Outing ... 9c per yd All other ... n proportion ... t forget we sell the W L ... s Shoes If your haven't ... can do so, they will give ... n every time

Groceries of all Kinds.

... ur 95c flour once and you ... me again

F. G. LINDHOLM & CO.

Main St, Smethport, Pa

McKean County Miner.

... the post office at Smethport as second ... class mail matter.

NOTICE TO SUBSCRIBERS

... on your paper shows the time to ... paid ... want the at least of us paper changed ... that item as well as the new one. ... want your paper stopped, pay arrear ... is and you will continue liable if the ... sends you whether you take it from ... office or not ... to get the paper regularly set us ... We can't every man a paper every week ... this is with the name when not re...

☞ Remember that for $1 75 we send the MINER and Philadelphia Weekly Press one year

LOCAL NOTICES.

... t the Bakery for home-made ... s

... t th Capitol Restaurant for your ... rand Chimo.

... ll one-mile candy fresh every day ... h Bakery

... al and see the seamless waist at the ... ic block MRS. A M FRENCH 41 tf

... At Ignatelli's bakery they are making ... h daily Go and try some

Smethport, Pa., Nov 23, 1894

LOCAL AND GENERAL

Thanksgiving next Thursday

Register notices in another column

Phonograph concert next Thursday night

A fine opening for a good laundry in this town

The sheriff advertises real estate sale this week.

Send in your subscriptions to the MINER for 1895

Bradford mail carriers have new winter uniforms.

Mention the MINER when purchasing of advertisers

Rev G W Halliwell is confined to bed now by sickness.

Bring your job work to the MINER Work guaranteed to suit.

Read all the announcements of Harper Brothers elsewhere in this issue

Austin is soon to be supplied with gas by the Coudersport Gas Company

Paint or Quinibak has been brighten the wind vane of the court house dome this week

The elegant piano used at the Hey and Jordan concert is a Schubert, A. D Levi agent

Don't forget I H Howe's phonograph concert at the opera house on Thanksgiving night

Union Thanksgiving services will be held at the M E church next Thursday morning at the usual hour

Mrs J E Shook is quite ill at her residence on Bank street. Her many friends wish a speedy recovery

The first oil well in America was on a small farm in the mountains of Wayne county, Pa. It was discovered in 1859.

It is said that the frigate bird can fly at the rate of 100 miles an hour and live for six weeks at a time without touching a roost.

Billy Jones, the butcher, in the Jackson building, comes out in a new ad in this week and quotes prices Do not fail to look it over

The Attorney-General of the State has decided that a marriage license is necessary, the act of 1893 to the contrary notwithstanding

—The little daughter of Commissioner Hungerville was quite sick for a few days this week, but at this writing we under stand she is better.

—There will be an I. O. T. M. social at Bowers Hotel, East Smethport, on next Tuesday evening, at which time a handsome quilt will be raffled

Miss Elizabeth Kelsey, an aged lady of Morrison, Pa., who has been at the poor house for some time, was taken to the Warren asylum this week.

We are informed by Mr McCandless that the chimes will be placed in the tower of St. Luke's church on December 1st in time to be used on Christmas

Other towns in this section of the state are organizing boards of trade. We think our business men start such an institution, and by that means induce manufacturers to locate here.

A dog belonging to F. H. Cornell was killed and severely bit Bertha Bartle Wednesday. The dog was supposed to be mad. It should be killed before it does further injury.—*Reporter.*

Bradford parties have been making oil lease lands at Tamarack Swamp, McKean County, this State. We are well acquainted with the locality and the indications are good for oil and gas.

Henry Peoples, aged 31 years, was found dead in his room, over the Johnson's bank, on Thursday morning. By his side was a 32-calibre revolver and near with the bullet holes found in the head tells the story. His parents reside at Rock Haven. Peoples was not known to have any bad habits, and his death is a great mystery.

—At St. Luke's Church on Thanksgiving Day a fine selection of festival music will be rendered, along with several national and patriotic hymns. The service will begin at 10.30 a. m.

—Any unusual importance or dignity assumed at this time by Citizen P. H. Davitt need not excite surprise. He is the father of twins—a boy and a girl—and is the recipient of many congratulations. —*Era*

—Louis Burke exhibited at this office a stalk of celery that he raised in the garden of Robert King which measured 47 inches in height We haven't heard of any thing in that line which will show anywhere near such a growth

—In making comparisons as to the cost of printing the election proclamation, our bill here was $107 00 while we found that a county adjoining had charged $200 00, and yet our board of county commissioners thought our bill too high.

—Last Saturday Howard Wilson presented us with a dozen oysters which weighed fourteen ounces. The brand is Collison's New York counts, and Mr Wilson is the sole agent for them in this town It will pay you to examine them

—H. W. Marcus, of Olean, has a new ad on the third page this week. Mr Marcus has an immense stock, and can always suit you With a host of obliging clerks who are always ready to wait upon you when you call it is a pleasure to deal at the above house

—A A Abby's sheep have been visited by dogs, he had to kill one fine lamb to save its life.—*Port Allegany Reporter* There can be no question about the truthfulness of the above article, as it is printed in the *Reporter*, but we must say it requires considerable imagination to take it all in at one time We would respectfully ask Mr Abby how the poor lamb is getting along at the present time

—A call has been issued by the editors of the Warren papers for a meeting to organize the Northwestern Press Association of Pennsylvania to be held at Warren at 2 p. m., Tuesday, the 27th of this month We earnestly hope that all parties interested will make it a point to be present at this meeting as it will be of great advantage to every newspaper in the territory mentioned

—An observant man says The man who uses his brain makes little noise The brass that is sonorous and when a man is a kettledrum you may know the noise he makes is largely echoed from cavities in his cranium There are men passed every day on the streets unnoticed who think deeper and better and who forget more every year than others who are leaders in society know

—The man who, while having no advertisement in his home paper stands upon the street corners and talks about his interests in the community and the beauty and wisdom of patronizing home industries, should be regarded with suspicion Such a man has no interest at heart except his own, and he is on the spot for what there is in it and to take advantage of the business he ought to town by the people who do advertise and do not send outside to have their job work done.

—Four raging fire spitting "volcanoes" from Farmers Valley blew in town Saturday, "primed up" with forty-rod" and started out for something to empty their lava" on but ran against a mountain of Port Allegany variety near the Wright House and the "eruptions" commenced One "volcano" would come up make a pass or two, run behind the others and shout "let me at him" let me eat him up" etc Finally someone fed the Port Alleganian away, giving the said "volcanoes" a better opportunity to erupt, which they did to their heart's content and the onlooker's disgust They certainly should have been "pinched"

—The Heywood Jordan Co highly entertained an appreciative audience at the Kittredge opera house on Wednesday night The opening piece sang by Mr Jordan and Sig Vidini, capturing the audience at the start At every piece after that the house rang with applause The soprano solo, by Miss Belle Daily, only added new enthusiasm to the already delighted audience, and she left the stage amid such clapping of hands as is rarely heard Harry Bennett, in his original selection was the lion of the hour and his song description of the flying machine set everyone in the house wild. The second part of the performance "Love and Song," was highly appreciated by the entire audience This company is deserving of good attendance wherever they appear

—The Presbyterian ladies of the M E church gave a chicken pie supper at the Sprague building on Wednesday night that was very much enjoyed by everybody who was lucky enough to be present Too much praise cannot be given to the excellent pie and other necessaries of life provided for the occasion, and if any proof is needed to bear us out in this assertion, we respectfully refer anyone in doubt to Col Rogers, Fred Brownell John Breneman or Fred Davis. These gentlemen seemed to act in the capacity of receiver generals at the feast. Throughout the entertainment there seemed to be a feeling of social enjoyment floating around in the air that made it one of the most pleasant affairs we ever attended The ladies seemed to vie with each other in their efforts at serving their guests And we would say to these ladies, the sooner they give us another entertainment of the same kind the better their guests of Wednesday night will be pleased

Arson and Murder at Ridgway

Last week Thursday Frank Myers, Ludwig Roetcheck, Edward Fox Leo Worm, William Geltner, Joseph Geitel and Sebastian Schwenther coal miners, were arrested and locked up in jail on charges of conspiracy, arson and murder in connection with the recent miners' strike. The men are charged specifically with destroying property, beating men who worked in their places, plotting to kill their employers, and finally killing a boy when the house of a non-union miner was blown up with dynamite It is thought several other arrests will follow

The accused miners were taken before George R Dixon, justice of the peace They waived a hearing, and, in default of bail, were returned to the county jail. They are being tried this week

The Absorption of Odors by Milk.

Parville relates some interesting facts upon this subject. If a can of milk is placed near an open vessel containing turpentine, the smell of the turpentine is soon communicated to the milk The same result occurs as regards tobacco, paraffin, asafetida, camphor, and many other strong smelling substances. Milk should also be kept at a distance from every volatile substance, and milk which has stood in such chambers should never be drunk. The power of milk to disguise the taste of drugs—as of milk to disguise the taste of drugs—as well known.

Hood's Pills are purely vegetable, carefully prepared from the best ingredients. 25c.

SOCIETY AND PERSONAL NOTES.

We would deem it a favor if those having friends visiting in the place would notify us by postal or by leaving a notice at this office.

Fred Backus paid Olean a visit on Monday.

Miss Hattie Waller visited Buffalo Tuesday.

E J Carey, of Eldred, called on us Tuesday

Mrs Sheridan Gorton visited Buffalo on Tuesday

Capt. Mayo had business in Eldred on Monday last

Editor Lindsley had business in Bradford Monday

Mrs Kittie Walters paid Bradford a visit Tuesday.

Mrs. A B Walker visited Bradford on Monday night

Mr and Mrs F I Holmes paid Eldred a visit over Sunday

"Doc" Wright came over from Bradford on Wednesday

Miss L H Long of Chicago, is a guest of Mrs. Thos. H Ryan

W P Walsh had business in Austin the fore part of the week

Dr L G Brown and John Sprague went to Buffalo on Monday

O H Goodsell spent Sunday in Smethport among his many friends.

Miss Ella Gratz and Miss Molly King paid Olean a visit on Monday

Mrs. Dr Pierce returned home Saturday night after two weeks' visit.

M. H Greer and wife spent Sunday at Keating Summit, visiting relatives

A B Hyde, of Friendship, N Y spent a few days in town this week.

J W Vantum of Bradford registered at the Wright House on Wednesday

H J Olmsted of Coudersport, paid a visit to friends in town Monday night

Mrs Cornelia Blakeley of Olean, arrived in town Thursday to visit friends.

Prothonotary G W Mitchell had business in Buffalo the forepart of the week

Mrs Robert King and two daughters paid Buffalo a visit the fore part of the week

Mrs S R Lindsley and Mrs. John Shoemaker visited Bradford Monday night

W W Small, of Bradford was among the guests at the Wright House on Wednesday

Miss Julia Mayer of New York city, is a guest of Mrs. Kittie Walters at the Central

F B Dolley was over from Port Allegany on Tuesday a guest of the Grand Central

Miss Gertrude James of Bradford is visiting her sister, Mrs Latham of lower Main street

J J Newman returned from the south on Wednesday looking as though he had enjoyed the trip.

Mrs McCandless went to New York last Saturday for a visit among friends of about three weeks

C P Collins B F Hazeltine and B M Ralls all of Bradford, were Grand Central guests on Tuesday

Attorney E. E. Fair was over from Bradford on Tuesday and while here made this office a pleasant call

Rev J S Warren E A Barden and F H Sherman, of Eldred, were at the Wright House on Wednesday

Justice Stelzhauer of Clermont made a pleasant visit at this office on Thursday but, as usual, was in a great hurry

General Robert Halsey, of New York, was a guest at the Central the fore part of the week, and greeted many old friends.

Mrs. R F Burdick's mother, Mrs. W F Munn and sister Mrs. M D White, of Mansfield, are here for a couple weeks' visit

D C Young, wife and daughter paid Buffalo a visit on Tuesday Mr Young was making preparation for Christmas goods.

Editor Butler of the *Era*, left Bradford last Friday for a trip to Southern Pines, N C expecting to be absent for ten days.

Mr Frank Curtis celebrated his 50th birthday on Wednesday last. Quite a gathering of his friends were present on the occasion

Mrs Carrie Reilly was called to Olean Saturday by the illness of her sister but returned the same day as she found her sister was better

Mrs. H J McCoy and Mrs. Sherwood paid Bradford a visit on Friday night last Evidently McIntyre a concert had something to do with the visit

E. L. Smith, the music man from Olean, was in town Wednesday night, and took in the Heywood-Jordan Celebrities, of which he spoke of in praise

Harry Wells and wife were taking in the sights at Buffalo the early part of the week and very likely Harry purchased some holiday nick nacks while away

The Women's Relief Corps gave a surprise party at Mrs. John Grigsby's last Friday evening Of course, they had an enjoyable time as is generally the case.

Mrs. Henry Hamlin entertained the members of St Luke's Guild at her beautiful home on Thursday evening Those who were present speak in the highest terms of the pleasant affair

Judge Brownell departed for Elk county yesterday afternoon The Judge since election has been rather lonesome, and has gone over there to hunt up that little Democratic majority The MINER hopes the Judge will have a very pleasant trip.

W Buchanan, of Chambersburg, Pa., and Wm. F Stone, of Buffalo, N Y who represent the iron bridge business were in town the first of the week looking after the interests of their companies, They are both gentlemen with whom it is a pleasure to meet.

Samuel Hyde and wife, of Clear Lake, Iowa, spent several days in town last week with Mrs G A. Hyde. Mr. Hyde was a brother of the late G A. Hyde He is nearly eighty years old, but served four years and five months in the late civil war. He was with Sherman in his march through Georgia.

Bound to Please Him.

"No, ma'am," said the grocer, making a great clattering among his tins, "I have coffee pots and tea pots, but there isn't such a thing as a jack pot in the store." "I'm so sorry," said the young wife, "you see, we haven't been married long and my husband's mother has always cooked for him, and when I heard him talking in his sleep about a jack pot I thought I'd get one, for he mentions it so often he must be used to it. Could you tell me what they cook in it?" "Green," said the grocer, and he sent her to the tin store in the next block.—(*Detroit Free Press.*

List of Letters

remaining in the postoffice at Smethport, Pa., for the week ending Nov. 17 1894:

Johnson, Olof — Overland, John
Prescott, Chas — Smeaker, L.

Persons calling for these letters please say "advertised."

W. F. WALLS, Postmaster.

A Beautiful Present.

On Tuesday last Mr. and Mrs. H. F. Wright received a package from Philadelphia, and a letter from the same place The contents of the letter we print, as follows:

PHILA PA., Nov 16, 1894.

Dear Frank and Katie:

By express I send to-day to "Mr and Mrs H F Wright, Smethport, McKean county Pa.," a box containing "Phil's Scrapple." This affair comes from Col E A Irvin and wife, Curwensville, Pa., F F Kirk and wife Williamsport, Pa., Thos. Furlong and wife St. Louis, Mo., and Wm Harry Rauch and wife, Phila. The case goes on its journey to the different regions confining not only the aforementioned "scrapple" but it is packed with the love and affection of these "Bucktail Pilgrims," each of whom is mindful of the courtesies extended to you both during our annual pilgrimage this summer That you may be thus as long as the token sent and that its face may always be a reflection to you of our good cheer, we are always,

Your true friends,

IRVIN KIRK FURLONG RAUCH and the gals," who boss us one and all.

The "scrapple" mentioned above proved to be a handsome and expensive bronze clock and the recipients are very proud of it and take great pleasure in showing it to their friends.

Another Phonograph Concert.

Prof Lyman H Howe who has several times delighted Buffalo audiences with his large phonograph last night gave an excellent concert with it at the Central Presbyterian church The auditorium was well filled, and the audience enjoyed immensely every selection Among those best produced were the "Columbian Exposition March," by Gilmore's Band, a cornet solo "Last Rose of Summer" by Jules Levy, "Miserere" by the United States Marine Band, and "Liberty Bell March" by the 33d Regiment Band of New York. The tone of each piece was so distinct that it seemed as though the original players were just outside the church The High School Banjo Club was present and played "Prof Howe responding the selection with the phonograph.—*Buffal Courier*

The above concert will be given at the opera house on Thanksgiving night under the auspices of the Baptist church

Some Important Facts

The evenings are long enough now for every person to devote some time to reading The best literature is the daily newspaper and the best daily newspaper is the Pittsburg, *Times*. It is complete in every department gathering promptly the news from all parts of the world and presenting all sides of every public question fairly and intelligently Its market reports are models of accuracy Its departments for women readers and for the farmer are useful and entertaining and its serial stories are by the most noted writers. The aim of its publishers is to make the *Times* a paper for the home above everything else and they have succeeded admirably

The *Times* is delivered by agents for one cent a day or will be sent by mail for thirty cents a month fifty cents for two months $1 50 for six months or $3 00 for one year If there is no agent for the *Times* in your locality write for sample copies which are sent free, and terms to agents

State of Ohio City of Toledo } ss
Lucas County }

Frank J Cheney makes oath that he is the senior partner of the firm of F J Cheney & Co., doing business in the city of Toledo county and state aforesaid and that said firm will pay the sum of one hundred dollars for each and every case of catarrh that cannot be cured by the use of Hall's Catarrh Cure

FRANK J CHENEY

Sworn to before me and subscribed in my presence this 6th day of December A D 1886

A W GLEASON
(SEAL) Notary Public

Hall's Catarrh Cure is taken internally and acts directly on the blood and mucous surfaces of the system Send for testimonials free

F J CHENEY & Co Toledo, O
Sold by druggists 75c

LITERARY NOTES

THE Christmas *Harper's* will surpass in pictorial effect any previous number of that magazine Among the well known artists who will be represented in its 10 full-page illustrations are Edwin A Abbey, Clifford Carlton, Howard Chandler Christy, Thomas Moran, Charles Graham, Dora Wheeler, Charles Stanley Reinhart, Hal Hurst, Alfred Parsons, Howard Pyle, Frederic Remington, W T Smedley, Albert E. Sterner, and T de Thulstrup

THE *Art Amateur* probably has never given two more attractive color plates than "The Boat Block" by J G Brown and "The Old Home by the Roadside" by D P Hasbrouck which appear in the November issue It is easy to understand why a medal was awarded at the World's Fair to *The Art Amateur*, and why the Chicago Institute of Fine Arts lately introduced into the high school of that city *The Art Amateur's* color studies as painting manuals. They are the best art school academies This very practical art magazine however by no means neglects the more genteel or feminine pursuits What most endears it to its extraordinary success is that by giving a profusion of working designs with easily understood directions for carrying them out it enables so many young people of both sexes to earn a living by painting carving designing and illustrating Price 35 cents

MONTAGUE MARKS Publisher
23 Union Square N Y

Electric Bitters

This remedy is becoming so well known and so popular as to need special mention All who have used Electric Bitters sing the same song of praise—A purer medicine does not exist and it is guaranteed to do all that is claimed Lowest prices Electric Bitters will cure all diseases of the Liver and Kidneys will remove Pimples, Boils Salt Rheum and other affections caused by impure blood Will drive malaria from the system and prevent as well as cure all malarial fevers. For cure of headache constipation and indigestion try Electric Bitters. Entire satisfaction guaranteed, or money refunded.—Price 50 cts and $1 00 per bottle at F R. Foster's and A B. Armstrong's Drug Store

Relief in Six Hours.

Distressing Kidney and Bladder diseases relieved in six hours by the "New Great South American Kidney Cure." This new remedy is a great surprise and delight to physicians on account of its exceeding promptness in relieving pain in the bladder kidneys, back and every part of the urinary passages It makes quick work of Gravel, relieves retention of water and pain in passing it almost immediately. If you want quick relief and cure this is your remedy Sold by A B Armstrong, Druggist, Smethport, Pa.

Do not suppose that because it is recommended for animals that Arnica & Egg Liniment is an offensive preparation It will not stain clothing or the fairest skin.

It will pay you to take Hood's Sarsaparilla. With pure blood you need not fear the grip, pneumonia, diphtheria or fevers. Hood's Sarsaparilla will make you strong and healthy

Legal Notice.

NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN THAT AN APplication will be made to the Governor of the State of Pennsylvania on the 5th day of December, 1894, under the Act of Assembly of the Commonwealth of Pennsylvania, approved April 29, 1874, and the supplements thereto, for the charter of an intended corporation, to be called Clark Bros. Company, the character and object whereof is the manufacture of lumber, timber, wood, and for this purpose to have, possess and enjoy all the rights, benefits and privileges of the said Act of Assembly and its supplements

ALFRED H. CLARK,
Solicitor. Solicitor.

Two Lives Saved

Mrs Phoebe Thomas of Junction, Ill., was told by her doctors she had Consumption and that there was no hope for her but two bottles Dr King's New Discovery completely cured her and she says it saved her life Thos. Eggert 139 Florida street San Francisco suffered from a bad cold, settled on his lungs Consumption tried without result everything then took right one bottle of Dr King's New Discovery and in two weeks was cured He is naturally thankful It is such results of which these are samples, that prove the wonderful efficacy of this medicine in Coughs and Colds Free trial bottles at F R. Foster and A B Armstrong drug stores Regular size 50c and $1 00

A single trial of Dr Henry Baxter's Mandrake Bitters will convince any one in subject with costiveness, torpid liver or any kindred diseases of their curative properties They only cost 25 cents per bottle

PRICE LIST
— AT —
Jones & Hungerford's MEAT MARKET,
Backus Building, Opposite Court House,
Smethport, Pa.

Porter House Steak	14c
Sirloin "	14
Round "	12½
Shoulder "	10
Short cut rib roast	10
Rib roast	8
Shoulder roast	7
Boiling pieces	5 and 6
Pork roasts	12½
" loin	12½
" steak	12½
Home made pork sausage	12½
Salt pork	12½
Bacon and Hams at bottom prices.	
Lamb chops	12c
" roasts	12½
" stews	5 to 8
Veal cutlet	15
" chops	12½
" roasts	12½
" stews	8
Hamburg steak	15
Alemodo beef	15
French chops	15

Fresh fish every Friday.
Poultry and vegetables constantly on hand.
Give us a trial and we will try and please you.

Jones & Hungerford.

AROUND THE COUNTY.

Interesting News From Various Localities Picked up by Our Regular Correspondents.

PORT ALLEGANY

John F Shultz, of Williamsport, was in town last week, making arrangements for moving to his farm on Skinner Creek, on or about Jan 1st He will also have a part of the fair grounds and will erect new barns thereon He now has a fine stock of horses on hand to be brought here as fast as sold to them during the coming season Mr I Gerwick, Jr., who has leased the farm for the past year has rented the F B Day residence on Mill street and will move his family thereon on or before the new year. F B Day will occupy the room in the Hall lately occupied by Mr Gerwick as a harness shop

The genial fun loving Tim Harrington of the Clarion Gazette was calling on old friends in this place on Monday He was almost as tall as he was long and stood that day by the side of Wild Man he would probably have been six feet three!

Will Dwire the leader of Port Allegany Cornet Band has purchased a new set of the best instruments from the firm of Conn manufacturers which is certainly the finest instrument we have ever seen Will in a few months, hails as I will soon be one of the best of them

The Odd Fellows state Hall corner of Main and Mill streets has been rebuilt and is undergoing other important repairs preparatory to being occupied by Smith & who takes possession of the premises Jan 1st, 1895, with a new stock of clothing

Jerub Gamble's wife was severely bitten by a dog on Wednesday of last week in getting along very nicely under the care of Dr J L Otis The dog was owned by I F Cornell who promptly shot the animal

C F Carver has placed a new bent under each the west end of the river bridge, and made other necessary repairs He says the bridge is now capable of holding a train of cars

The borough authorities have recently had a row in Weisbecker's addition and have put in position several excellent sewers

Dr Nelson Smith, of Keating Summit was in town a few days recently in company with Mrs Smith

Rev F W Arney exchanged pulpits with Rev J D Robinson of Austin last Sabbath

Judge C. C. Ward had business at Austin at Court in the first of the week

Charles Dickinson is playing trip to Elmira last Saturday

MT ALTON

Dan Fisher and Miss Mattie Grinnels were married at Olean last week returning Sunday Dan made the fair Mattie Johnson a happy voyage the night the matrimonial sea of life

Miss Nettie McGrath is all the latest up to date in new York Fashions she is in her father's store the business architects all around Will Beardmore

The water wheels at the tannery are being refitted and when this is completed the mill will be in good repair It is under the direction of Mr Hilton

Quite a number of Mt Alton people went to Smethport this week besides the regular quota of other citizens from this place

Mrs Nettie Hile returned to Smethport last Saturday at Dubois after a few days visit here with relatives

Geo E Brown and wife and daughter left for Twilight Park Monday to stay till after Thanksgiving

Will Hamilton is able to get around on crutches after being laid up with a cold for two weeks.

Rev Crocker returned Friday from attending the district conference at Wellsville N Y

Rev Crocker will take up the appointment of Calvary in the near future

Jessie K Olson was home from Kenner a few days last week

Will McCarten returned from Canada last Saturday

PALMER'S MILLS

Mr Arthur Young son of the late Hiram Young of this place has come in from Indiana and will soon put in operation the saw mill of his late father's estate.

Mr Young is highly spoken of by those who knew him He has a large family of children and relatives in the neighborhood of Kinkaid Ridge for their welcome

The funeral services were held in the Baptist church in this place Rev T J Evans officiating after which the remains were taken to Sons Hall Cemetery at Smethport and laid beside his father Elder Sons is beloved by all

Mrs Jennie Gifford and two children are visiting her daughter Mrs W D Furman of this place returned home on Monday last week

Miss Lottie Wilkinson, of Smethport who has been visiting her uncle, M L Cooley at this place returned to her home on Saturday last

Mr Mark Fuller who had the misfortune to cut his foot severely with an ax is doing as well as can be expected

Mr Art Smith is said to be some better at this writing

H. W. Marcus's Grand Special Thirty-day Sale!
—OF—
DRY GOODS & CLOAKS!

The entire stock must be reduced and every department must be cleared and astonishingly low prices on reliable goods must bring the people to headquarters for DRY GOODS, CLOAKS and CAPES

75 pieces Dress Goods 50c quality,
at 29 cents per yard.
20 pieces 36 inch best Dress Flannel
at 25 cents per yard.
50 dozen Ladies ribbed Vests and Pants worth 35c.
at 23 cents each.

Bargains of pure Silk Ribbons No 7 9 and 12 and 75 cts per yard Ladies in Table Linen Napkins and Towels Skirt Reviers Ladies Underwear Knitting Silks NEW CLOAKS and CAPES Etc just received at NEW PLUSH GARMENTS just received at

H·W·MARCUS
153 UNION STREET, OLEAN, N. Y.

Planting Potatoes in the Fall.

There has been some discussion in the agricultural press about fall-planted potatoes, some asserting that this method was not practicable while others have found it to work to advantage A friend in this locality tried the fall planting last year with the result that he will plant potatoes next this fall

In the latter part of October he planted in small pieces drills cutting the furrows with a plow and covering them some five or six inches deep with earth, after the plow a number of straw sheaves or more thick No more attention was given them until the first part of May when the straw was raked off and the ground allowed to thaw The potatoes made an early start were kept free of weeds by frequent cultivations and in quite a few instances matured a nice crop with a large yield of tubers which in appearance the second week in June he pronounced the finest he had ever seen. It would not generally be considered necessary to cover the ground with a mulch at the beginning in the spring, for that would prevent the sun's rays drawing which more than anything else makes the plant grow. But the most serious objection to this method seems to be a liability of the seed potatoes rotting, during the wet weather to early spring when they are planted in cold damp ground and finally dying. Ground so well drained as to avoid the first mentioned evil is usually dry enough in the spring to work early and plant potatoes, which will be ready for cultivation

OAK-LEAF SOAP

S.N. cr leaves any dirt behind it.
Try it and avoid the drudgery of washday. Sold everywhere.

GOWANS & SONS,
BUFFALO, N. Y.

Send for catalogue of beautiful Pictures.

DO NOT FORGET

TO CALL AT

P. D. HOPKINS,

Corner Mill and Mechanic Streets,

Where can be found a full line of

DRY GOODS, GROCERIES, BOOTS, SHOES, &c

OUR FLOUR is just elegant try it

We are pleased to inform you that we shall hereafter sell **BURKE'S DRACOON TEAS,** the finest ever brought the American Continent

Buy of us to day and you will to morrow

Remember we are agents for the Clothing House, of G W Simmons & Co., Boston, Mass. Satisfaction guaranteed or money refunded

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A WINTER'S ENTERTAINMENT

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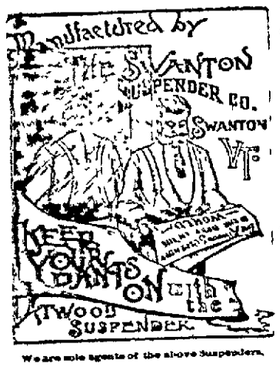

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A SERVICE OF SONG NO HEARER CAN EVER FORGET

An Important Part of the Greek Church of Russia. The Deep, Bell-like Tones of Monks Intoning Prayers For the Czar. A Magnificent Touch.

The chant of the priests' voices was the most striking thing that I encountered in my travels in Russia a year ago. Never in any place have I heard music at all like it. More like the cry of some great animal or the moaning of a musical wind it seemed than human tones. Deep, strong, roaring yet soft and melodious, it haunted me as no music had ever done. This intoning, which forms so important a part of the Greek church in Russia, is performed by men who are chosen especially for the tremendous depth of their voices, to be used in intoning alone, not singing. Trained and cultivated into still greater strength and depth, there is in the whole wide world no human sound like it.

There are only certain parts of the service that are thus intoned, such as "Hallelujah," "Lord have mercy," "Lord, we pray thee," "Grant this, O God" but above all, "Save long, O God, the life of the czar." Over and over again are these words mouned, sighed and roared, like a varying wind through the arches and galleries of the splendid churches of the most splendid country of the world.

There is a priest in the Church of St Saveur in Moscow who was pardoned and brought back from Siberia solely because of the extraordinary depth of the tones of his voice.

These great laying, bull like voices bring to their owners, it is said, a very good income. The best part of the service is always the loudest, and the last words, in a tremendous final roar are always the petition to save long from death the czar. Unlike the Latin service of the Roman Catholic church the common people of Russia can understand much of the service of their church, as a part of it is in modern Russian and the rest in Old Slavonic. Thus that cry which rings through the churches to save the life of the czar is understood and felt by the humblest subject in Russia.

Although this intoning can be heard everywhere in the churches throughout Russia, the best example of it is perhaps in the famous Alexander Nevsky monastery in St Petersburg. At 4 o'clock every afternoon the priests chant can be heard and no traveler should miss this extraordinary spectacle. In the winter when the higher classes are in town there are long lines of richly appointed carriages that have brought fashionable Russians of every rank to hear the monks chant. But at all times of the year it is a resort not only for Russians, but for the strangers from all lands. The monastery is at the end of fashionable Nevsky Prospekt the fifth avenue of St Petersburg. In the green inclosure there are many buildings connected with the monastery but it is to the chapel where the monks chant the evening service that we first directed our steps one afternoon in autumn. Darkness in the chapel, in a stained light behind two altars was dimly lighted by two large, heavy candles. The long black robes, high black velvet caps and long flowing veils, all of black magnified their height and their imposing appearance. Their beards were long and heavy locks of hair hung like thick manes on their shoulders.

They were already chanting, when we entered, in those peculiar organ like tones which I found the most impressive thing in Russia. It is that strange, two toned sound moaned and rose and fell throughout the structure? How it wailed in our ears, like a mighty wind as I always, whether loud or soft in the sadness sweetest melody! There were half recitative solos, chanted first by one voice and taken up by the others.

Lord have mercy! Lord grant it! they wailed and moaned until it seemed as if the sound would never again leave my ears.

After a time it ceased, and then the procession of towering black robed monks came out into the body of the chapel leaving but little room for us as we crowded ourselves against the wall. Placing themselves with their backs toward us and their faces toward the altar in a semicircle they began again their chant in a different and much higher refrain. God save long the life of the emperor! Never shall I forget that semicircle of black monumental figures and the waves of sound that still vibrated on the air after their voices had ceased.

We turned away and walked across the green courtyard, where many rich Russians are buried. All Russians esteem it a sacred privilege to be buried in the soil surrounding a monastery and among those who lie here is the poor but Turgeneff. We traversed numerous cloisters, with now and then the tall, black veiled nuns passing us until we reached the chapel of Alexander Nevsky the czar monk who lies buried here—buried in such a tomb as no other man ever had, for it is of solid silver, weighing 3 240 pounds. Not only the sarcophagus but the altar near which it stands and also the rails which surround it are of solid silver. A like most of the great czar who was also a monk lies on top under a shell of solid gold. Diamonds and rubies gleam in the stones that hang here and there and the key of Archangel framed in jewels, hung near the silver railings, into the awful nothingness, and it is like a fairy tale we left the wonderful chapel. In the same mood every one of the famous relics of jewels and gold and gems untold that were brought from Persia on camels backs during the reign of Alexander Nevsky.—Cor New York Sun.

MARRIAGE CUSTOMS.

Radical Changes That Have Taken Place in England.

Marriage customs have changed everywhere with the advance of civilization. Anglo-Saxons in ancient times, it is said, used to capture their wives by force from their fathers or their husbands, it did not matter which.

This was before Augustine came to preach Christianity. The purchase was more common than capture, although the latter seems to have been frequent enough to the reign of Ethelbert to need regulation by law. By this law a man might run away with a woman, provided he afterward paid her previous owner, be he father or husband, 50 shillings. If it was husband who had thus been deprived of his wife, the woman's corrector had not only to pay him the fine, but also to buy him another wife. In any case the stolen woman belonged to her captor.

If a man had purchased his bride in the days of Ethelbert and afterward concluded he had paid too much for her, it was lawful for him to return her to her former owner and claim again the purchase price, provided that he had not previously expressed satisfaction by making the bride a present on the morning after the wedding.

The next step was the "foster lien," when the bride price was paid on the day of espousal and was supposed to compensate the parent for the cost of bringing up his daughter. It seems, however, that this soon fell into disuse, as there was a law against the father's engaging his daughter to numerous suitors, taking from each the "foster lien" and, of course, cheating all but one on the wedding day which, at that time, was only the day of betrothal, when the suitor gave a "wed" or pledge for the future performance of his contract. If the suitor did not claim his bride within two years after the wedding day he forfeited all right to her and to whatever money or goods he had paid for her. If the woman or her father broke their promise, the father had to give the suitor four times as much as the suitor had already paid him.

As civilization advanced the bride price was given to the woman herself and became her dowery, while nowadays the tables are frequently turned, the bride settles the money on her husband.—Kate Field's Washington.

THE WALRUS ON LAND

He Is Just as Helpless as a Canalboat Would Be.

As might be expected, a walrus is about as helpless on land as a canalboat. It is with no little difficulty and much hitching and flouncing that he drags his huge bulk upon a sandy shore even with the boosting he gets from behind by the breakers as they roll in and dash against him. His hind flippers are of little use on land, and on sand or pebbles, where his front flippers do not avail, the labor of floundering forward on great thick muscles is beyond the edge of the water and mostly lies with his body half awash with the salt spray dashing over him. Terrors of ruin. On solid rock or ice he gets along much better and often a herd will spend several rods back from the water's edge.

The females and younger walruses have far less development of neck to encumber them and therefore enjoy more freedom of motion than the old males, who seem to be set a great burden to themselves. These creatures are strictly social in their habits and always go in herds when traveling, feeding, fighting or resting on ice. In the days before the slaughter of all living creatures became a ruling passion in the breast of man the Pacific species inhabited the whole of Behring sea and straits in herds which often contained thousands and even tens of thousands of individuals.—St Nicholas.

Themistocles.

Themistocles the hero of Salamis, was sent into banishment by the practice of ostracism. The reason given by Athenian orators to prevent any citizen becoming too great. When many men acquired such prominence as to be dangerous to the state a number of citizens assembled a vote would be taken in writing on which the name of the too prominent citizen. If a majority voted against him he was sent into exile not because he had done anything but for fear he might do something. He stood away from five to ten years then returned and resumed his standing as a citizen without loss of property or reputation. Themistocles was ostracized and went into exile where he was soon accused of treasonable correspondence with the Persians. He was sent for to be arrested but fled to Asia. He gained great influence at the Persian court and projected an invasion of Greece. But died it is supposed by poison before his plans could be realized.—Exchange.

When They Met and Part.

An Englishman salutes his friend with "How do you do? Goodby. Farewell." Similarly the Dutchman, Vaar wel" and the Swede, Farvel. A Frenchman says "Bonjour! An plaisir" —i. e., de vous revoir. An Italian "Buon giorno! Addio! A rivederci." A Spaniard "Buenos dias! Adios!—Hasta la vista!" (French "Au revoir") The Turk folds his arms and bows his head toward the person whom he salutes. The common Arab says "Salem alekum" ("Peace be with you") He then lays his hands on his breast in order to show that the wish proceeds from his heart.

A Moral Power.

Queen Victoria is said to have become somewhat fractious, and age is telling on her at last irritable as the queen now is under the pangs of the situation which now afflict her no one desires to see her place filled by another. She has kept the balance of moral power in her share of Europe as no crowned head has done before her will be likely to do after her.—Boston Herald.

The Parson's Rebuke.

A mean man invited the village preacher to dine with him, but placed before the preacher only a dish of greens and corn bread.

Will you say grace, parson?" asked the host.

"I will," replied the parson. "Lord, make us thankful for greens and corn bread and put into the heart of our brother to raise hogs next year."—Atlanta Constitution.

Made Bold by His Brush.

Detaille, the French painter whose studies are all of military life, looks every inch a soldier. He in fact slender knows absolutely nothing of the life of a soldier except what he has read. At the age of 20 he was rather timid, but his character began to change as soon as he devoted his brush to military subjects.

The name of Lake Ontario was first noted as Skaneslaur (beautiful lake). It was also, at various times and by different men, denominated Lac de Frontenac, Lac de Iroquois, and Lac de St. Louis. The Mohawks called it Caindaraqui.

The Real Cause.

Tommy—What was you bawlin about last night?

Willy—W'y, when paw and me got home from fishin, maw didn't have supper ready, and I whimpered about it, and paw licked me.

"And he licked you fis' for whimperin?"

"Naw. Because supper wasn't ready."—Cincinnati Tribune.

DAWSON'S NARROW ESCAPE.

He Couldn't Be Expelled From a No Work Club For Obvious Reasons.

Bailey Dawson was in danger of being expelled from the Society of Christian Repose. The object of the society, as its name indicates, is to discourage endeavor of any character, and its members, who comprise such well known old residents as Colonel A. M. Babcock, A. N. Kellogg, founder of the newspaper publishing concern, Frank Parmelee of the bus line and others, are men who think they have done their work in life and now only ask for rest. They meet at the Genesee Falls hotel and do not permit talk much prefering to sit in the easy chairs on the veranda and look at each other.

But last week Cecil Brockway brought a serious charge against Bailey. He said he had been working. What is more he had the evidence to prove it.

Things looked rosy for Bailey for Friday. Two weeks were left other than that involved in drawing up the proceedings to a political caucus but it was work and he could not down it. Such a task refuge in techni alities. Mr Kellogg was trying it on and he finally made this plea.

"If it pleases the court," he said "the members of this society must not do any work of any kind."

"They must not," replied Colonel Babcock sternly.

"They should not indulge in any kind of effort?"

"Certainly not," again interjected the colonel.

"They cannot constructively take notice of any description?"

"They most emphatically cannot."

Then," said Bailey triumphantly "I would like to know how they are going to expel a member, that no motion. And President Kellogg sustained him holding that it would be impossible constitutionally to even take a vote on the charges.—Chicago Tribune.

MONOCLES IN EUROPE

Their Use Believed to Have Originated In the British Army.

In every capital of Europe the monocle is common enough. It attracts no attention on the street. In a row of men at the theater or a social reception are sure to be seen. Perhaps half the officers in the German army wear monocles. They are to be seen in abundance at any meeting of the French academy. Even socialist deputies in France are not ashamed to grace the forensic efforts with solitary eyeglasses. The single eyeglass is said to have originated among the officers of the British army.

About the beginning of the century an order was issued that army officers should not wear eyeglasses of specified. It was supposed that the wearers were a little hard of hearing. The order caused scores of gentlemen to immediately invented the single eyeglass. It caused that being in use. The user was constrained to hold it in position by puckering certain facial muscles. It soon became very popular in the army and was worn by the Duke of Wellington probably for this reason. It is also very generally worn in Europe by army officers.

It is thought might explain as part of military training. Officers of the army who never wore lenses and an air of fierceness.—New York World.

Lincoln a Victim of Assassination.

That Lincoln walked back to the White House the night he was assassinated the writer distinctly remembers. He was one of the delegation that waited on the President to congratulate him on the result of the election. Mr Lincoln was then in the White House. The writer's recollection is that he was going toward the door of the room as the delegation entered. He was in his shirt sleeves and had on a pair of carpet slippers. He was in the best of humor and was apparently in the best of health. He did not look like a man who had ever worked hard a day in his life. He was then, as he always was, a very large man, and looked as if he could stand a great deal of work. He was then in the prime of life, and looked as if he could live for many years.

Certainly at that time no one would be prouder of the fact that he was going to be assassinated than Lincoln himself. He would have refused and scouted the idea with contempt. Certainly no man would have been more surprised than he would be just as he was after he would be just as dead.—New Orleans Times-Democrat.

Sentiments and Cussedness.

Everybody knows that the word pronounced in Gaelic makes many men say that, for example, MacDonald literally means the son of Donald. But it is not generally known that when a woman is spoken of the highlanders substitute for nine of feminine mac, which means daughter, that the word nine (which always spells phonetically) which always replaces mac when a person is described and that the nominative plural is nick (sons) of Clan Alpine. Sir Walter Scott's Lay of the Last Minstrel is free only in this respect upon the Gaelic, but in his poetry and in his

The Gaelic is the world's most